Vol. V. Numb. 61.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Affairs of Spain *and* Italy. *The* Country-man's *Vindication of the Earl of* Peterborough. *A good Fleet* England's *beſt Security. Of a* Monk *in a Cage, with* Roger's *Obſervations thereon. Of the* French *Kings Sickneſs. A Text provided to be Preach'd at his Funeral.*

From **Saturday** October the 12th, to **Wednesday** October the 16th, 1706.

Obſ. WELL, Honeſt *Country-man*, what News? If none New, let's hear what was left Obſervable of the laſt.

Country-m. Maſter, we have a New Mail come; it ſays *Prince* Eugene *is gone a Hunting of Mr.* Davy, *the* French *General, that Fought the Prince of* Heſſe *a while ago, and took his Cannon.* If Prince *Eugene* does but catch that Fox I'll give'n a Hogſhead of *October* for his Head to ſtick up in our *Church-Yard*; that would be a fine ſight on a *Sunday* Morning for our *Tacking-Prieſt.* Maſter, the *French* do ſo run and ſcamper in *Italy*, the like was never known; they run helter-ſkelter, one over another, as if they were at *Leap-Frog*; they are Bewitch'd, that is as much as to ſay, the Devil is in 'em, as he was in the *Gadarenes Swine*, and they tumble with the ſame Precipitation; and *Anjou* and his Grandſire, like the Devil, *Have brought their Hogs to a fair Market.*

But then on t'other ſide, quoth the *Tories* and *High-Flyers*, *you make us run in* Italy, *but we make you run in* Spain. Aye, but, quo' I, if the Earl of *Peterborough* had the ſame Abſolute Command and ſuch Troops as Prince *Eugene* has in *Italy*, he would ha' Hunted *Anjou* out of the *Spaniſh* Dominions before this time. Did you ever hear of a General that has done ſo much with ſuch ſmall Force as the Earl of *Peterborough* has done in *Spain?*

The *Tories* were very Angry at that, and ſaid *The Earl was a* Whig. Why, ſaid I, that is as much as to ſay, he is no *Tory*, and that is as much as to ſay he is no *Fool* or *Coward*, and is ſaying, in plain *Engliſh*, he is an Honeſt Gentleman: Here ſaid I, thou Woman, Boiler of the *Ninny-Broth*; *What wou'd you have Country-man*, quoth ſhe? *a Diſh of* Coffee, Quo' I,

Be gone Satannick Tipple! *Hence*
Thou Murderer of Farthings and of Pence,
And Midwife to all falſe Intelligence!

Be gone I ſay! Of Hell thou art,
For God no Liquor did to Man impart,
But that which fills the Veins, or chears the Heart.

Brew'd in a Pan, Bak'd in a Pot,
The third Device of him who firſt begot
The Printing-Libels, *and the* Powder-Plot.

Quo' I, Woman bring me half a Quartern of *Brandy*, not *Brandy* Bewitch'd with *Spirits*, like the *French* Kings Armies, but Super-fine and Neat; I am going to drink the Earl of *Peterborough*'s Good Health.

And ſo, Maſter, I did, but not a *Tory* of 'em all would Pledge me, at which I was very Angry; but they ſaid, Country-man, *we are not to believe what you and the* Obſervator *ſay of the Earl of* Peterborough; *look upon the* Gazette, *there's Authority for what's ſaid, and we don't find ſuch Stories there of the Earl as you tell us; don't you ſee how Glorious other Actions are there ſet forth? And de'ye think that if there was the like Honour due, it would not be alike incerted?* Quo I, If ever I come to be *Secretary of State*, as I believe I ſhan't, I would make Monſieur *Gazetteer* mend his Manners, or I would get an *Engliſh-Man* that ſhou'd give all our Heroes their juſt Characters. But, Gentlemen, ſaid I, have a little Patience, and you'll find that Noble Peer fully Vindicated in a Relation of his Proceedings in *Spain*, of the Toils he has *undergone*, what he has *done*, what he has *ſuffer'd*, and of All his Acquiſitions; and tho', perhaps, ſome have Induſtriouſly endeavour'd to hide his Great Services from the View of this preſent Age; yet, as they are not leſs Memorable, ſo they will be Recorded with thoſe of Others to Poſterity.

Obſ. Roger, thou art an Honeſt Fellow in Vindicating a Noble Honeſt *Engliſh* Peer, that has had ſo little Notice taken of his ſo Great Services. But this is the Common Fate of Perſonal Virtue, my Lord is at a great diſtance from his Native Country; he has not laid Perſonal Obligations on Numbers to Trumpet his Praiſes, by putting them into Offices; what he has ſuffer'd, and from what Cauſes things have miſcarried, will, I hope, in a ſhort time be made clear, at leaſt to the Satisfaction of all Diſ-Intereſted Perſons.

But, *Country-man*, let us always Obſerve for the Good of our Country; and let us begin at *Barcelona*, when it was Beſieged by the *French*: King *Charles*'s being in the Town to Animate his Subjects, or the Earl of *Peterborough*'s being out of the Town to Divert the Enemies Troops would have ſignify'd nothing; All *Catalonia*, the whole Kingdom of *Spain* would have been loſt, had not our Fleet came opportunely to the raiſing of that Siege. The Service of our Ships at the Taking of *Oſtend* is another Inſtance, from whence we may make this Concluſion.

That thoſe who are for *Standing-Armies* in *England* are quite miſtaken, concerning our National Securities, ſince our Land-Armies Abroad find the Aſſiſtance of our Fleets ſo very neceſſary, and that a Fleet is the beſt Security of the Realm. —— Well, *Roger*, what haſt more remaining on thy Hands?

Country-m. The *Paris* News tells us. *That the* French *King has been Indiſpoſed of a* Flux, *and violent Pain in his Stomach. The Duke of* Berry *and Madam* Maintenon *have been likewiſe very ill; and the Governour of the* Baſtile *and ſeveral other Perſons of Note are Dead.*

This

This is the News I expected, for I thought these Victories would not ſit well on the *French* Kings Stomach. I would have'n live long enough to ſee himſelf *Depoſed*; and therefore, if I knew how, I would ſend him a Bottle of *Dick Stoughton's Elixir Stomachicum*; but as for Madam *Maintenon*, his Familiar, I would not ſave her Life if a Half-Penny wou'd do it. The *French* King and the Governour of the *Baſtile*, two Perſons of Note, very finely joyn'd together. I don't remember when Captain *Richardſon*, the Keeper of *Newgate* Dy'd, that our *Gazette* took any Notice of it; and I wonder the *Paris-Gazette* makes no mention of the Indiſpoſition of the *French Jack Ketch*, who has as much Reaſon to be out of Order at this News as any of them, for the more *Frenchmen* we Kill the leſs he will have to Hang. Is *Lewis* Sick at the Stomach? That is near the Heart, he'll be Heart-Sick in a little time.

I can't help Laughing at theſe things no more than the *Tories* can help Crying; but I want to ſee one *Raree-Show* I find ſpoke of on the Foreign Prints: Some unlucky People or other have got a *Tacking-Monk*, and put him into an Iron-Cage. What ſort of Bird is that, Maſter?

Obſ. What ſort of Beaſt you mean, *Roger?*

Country-m. Maſter, they don't uſe to put Beaſts into Cages in *England.*

Obſ. But too often they put 'em in better Places.

Country-m. But a Cage is a Houſe for a Bird, and this muſt be a Bird.

Obſ. If he be a Bird, he's a *Black-Bird.*

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, a *Black Canary-Bird:* I was going to ſay a *W——s-Bird*, but then Mr. *Rehearſal* would ha' been Angry with me for abuſing his Cloth and Colour; whatever he was Abroad, however he Sang his *Wild Notes*; now he's confin'd, he's no more than a *Welſhmans Parrot, Says* little, but pays it off with *Thinking.*

Maſter, I love to have *Prieſts* put in Cages; I would have a ſtrong Iron Cage made for Cardinal *Portocurrero*, that *Prieſt of Hell*, that has occaſion'd ſo much Blood and Slaughter in *Europe*; that *Crown Stock-Jobber*, that Forg'd a Will for the late King of *Spain*, otherwiſe the Arch-Duke *Charles* had come to His Crown without any Oppoſition, and without the Effuſion of ſo much Chriſtian Blood.

Then, Maſter, I would have a great Cage made for All the *Tacking-Peieſts* in *England*, to put 'em into it before the next *Election* of *Parliament*, to hinder 'em from going about the Towns and Counties to *leven* the People againſt the Queens *Friends*; thoſe are a Miſchievous ſort of *High Flying* Birds that peck at the Queens *Crown*, and by giving Sparring Blows againſt the *Miniſtry*, have broke their *Spurs*, and for the future muſt Fight in *French-Gaffets.*

Obſ. Roger, you have known by Experience, that all theſe Birds are, or have been Cag'd in the *Aviaries* at *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, and yet what horrible *Wild Notes* have they Sung there againſt the *Beſt* of Queens, Witneſs the *Cambridge Oration* on the 30th of *January*, and ſeveral other Civilities paid Her Majeſty.

Country-m. I thank God, for doing ſo, one of thoſe *Singing-Birds* had his Feathers pluck'd from his Back, and was expell'd the *Aviary.* But, Maſter, 'tis not my Opinion only, but others alſo, That the *French* King is Dead, as you'll ſee by this Letter ſent me.

Honeſt *Roger*,

NOT *doubting but the* French *King is, by this time, Dead of the Wound he received t'other Day before* Turin, *I ſend thee a Text to Preach his Funeral Sermon upon*, viz. Iſaiah *the* 14*th, from the* 4*th to the* 23*d Verſe.*

Prithee let us hear what thou can'ſt ſay in Praiſe of him?

Obſ. Well, *Roger*, what haſt to ſay?

Country-m. Maſter, I have not a Word to ſay in his Praiſe; the Laudatory Part I leave to Doctor *Leſley*; beſides, Maſter, I muſt not Preach for fear of being put into the *Spiteful-Court*; but I think 'tis a good Text, and very ſuitable to the Occaſion.

Obſ. But, *Roger*, I find thou art a Man of *Intelligence* grown; the People begin to keep a Correſpondence with thee.

Country-m. I ſhall make a clever *Stateſman* in a little time; I will know what is done in every dark Corner of the Kingdom, and whoever acts againſt the *Queen* and Her *Miniſtry*, I will act againſt them, by diſcovering All their *Wickedneſs*, which is their *Sin* to act, and my *Duty* to diſcover.

And, Maſter, you ſhall find that I keep a Correſpondence with Honeſter People than your Correſpondants are. I have a Letter of yours in my Pocket, which I have made bold to break open, and will ſhow you the next time we meet, when I am reſolv'd to have a little Fun with you about your Letters and mine.

Advertiſements.

MAN's Treachery to Woman: Or, the great difference between Courtſhip and Wedlock. To which are added, 1. The Grand Miſtake: Or, all Men Happy if they pleaſe, *&c.* 2. The Ladies Converſations: Or, the Secret Freedoms of the Female Sex. Containing, 1. A Dialogue between an Old Lady, who had Marry'd a Young Gentleman, and a Young Lady, who had Marry'd an Old Gentleman. 2. A Dialogue between Madam *Le Nantzy*, an Old Maid, a Smoker of *Tobacco*, and a great Lover of *Cold-Tea*, and Madam *Manlove*, a Buxom Widow, who had lately Bury'd her Husband. 3. A Conference in a Coach between four City Wives on the Road to *Epſom*, ſhewing how valuable a Handſome Journey-Man, or an Amorous Apprentice is above a Fumbling Husband. 4. The *Vintner's* Wife's Character of her Husband. 5. The *Apothecary's* Wife's Character of her Husband. 6. The *Mercer's* Wife's Character of her Husband. 7. The *Goldſmith's* Wife's Character of her Husband. 8. The Penurious *Quaker*, or the High-Priz'd *Harlot*; a Song. 9. The Travelling *Tinker*, and the Country *Ale-Wife*, or the Lucky mending of the Leaky Copper; a Song. 10. The Loving *Grocer*, or the Merry Wedding; a Song. 11. The Diſappointed *Taylor*, or Good Work done for nothing; a Song. 12. The Naked *Lover*, or the *Widow* well ſatisfy'd; a Story. 13. The Strenuous *Competitors*, or a Trial of Manhood to a bad purpoſe; a Story. 14. The Diſappointed *Siſters*, or the two Maids made otherwiſe; a Story. 15. The three *Oxford* Rivals, or a Trial of Wit for a Rich Beautiful Widow; a Story. With variety of other Humours for the Diverſion both of Town and Country. Price 1*s.* Sold by *J. How*, at the *Seven-Stars*, in *Talbot-Court*, in *Grace-Church-ſtreet*; and *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall.*

THE Reformer, Expoſing the Vices of the Age in ſeveral Characters, *viz.* 1. The *Vicious Courtier.* 2. The *Debauch'd Parſon.* 3. The *Factious Hypocrite.* 4. The *Preciſe Quaker.* 5. The *Covetous Miſer.* 6. The *Prodigal Son.* 7. The *City Lecher.* 8. The *Inſatiate Wife.* 9. The *Amorous Maid.* 10. The *Beau Apprentice.* 11. The *City Mob.* 12. The *Country 'Squire.* 13. A *Jacobite*, To which is added, The *Rambling Rakes*: Or, *London Libertines*, diſcovering many Mad Frolicks, Committed by the Debauchees of the Town. Together with Three Nights Adventures Containing ſeveral Amazing and Diverting Accidental Intrigues. Alſo a Step to the Bath: With an Account of the Comical Paſſages on the Road. And a Character of the Place. Price 1*s.* Sold by *J. How*, at the *Seven-Stars*, in *Talbot-Court*, in *Grace-Church-Street.*

London, Printed for the Author, *John Tutchin.* 1706.